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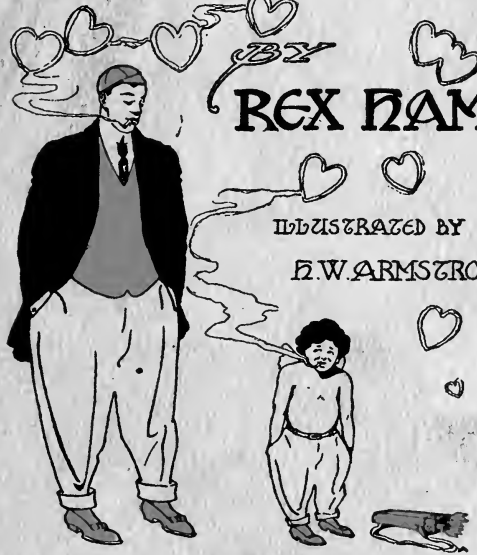
SONNETS OF A COLLEGE KID

SHOWING

"HOW ONE POR GULLELESS FRESHMAN DOG
GOT NEAR TO THINGS NOT IN THE CAZALOGUE
BOBBED TO A COLLEGE QUEEN, BUT COULDNT FILL"



BY

REX HAM

ILLUSTRATED BY

H.W. ARMSTRONG

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SONNETS

OF

A COLLEGE KID

REX HAM
Perpetrator

Illustrated by
H. W. ARMSTRONG

1909

THE NEW WEST PUBLISHING COMPANY
Portland, Oregon

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GO, little book, and earn my livelihood,
And if, as I believe, the graft is good
I'll mix another bunch of ragtime lays.

Sonnets of a College Kid

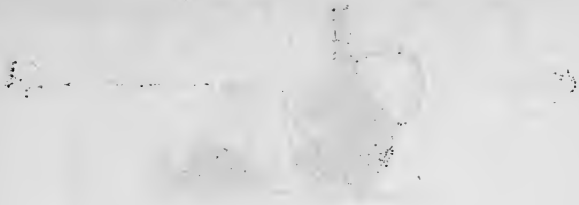
By Rex Ham

I.

AH, mother, come take back your Christmas Card,
Your Ducky Duck's got in too swift a pond;
Come rope me with your apron string so fond,
And drag me back to play in your front yard.
This college life has got me breathing hard;
They've put me on the mat, these college men,
I'm groggy and the Ree. is counting ten;
Avaunt, sweet dreams, and leave me not your card,

FOR, being stung, I'm droopy at the mouth.
I've earned my sheepskin, got me first degree —
My trademark's Willie Down-and-out, N. G.
Come stick the sugar plum back in my mouth,
Be quick, for now I feel a sudden drought
And fear another Coca Cola spree.

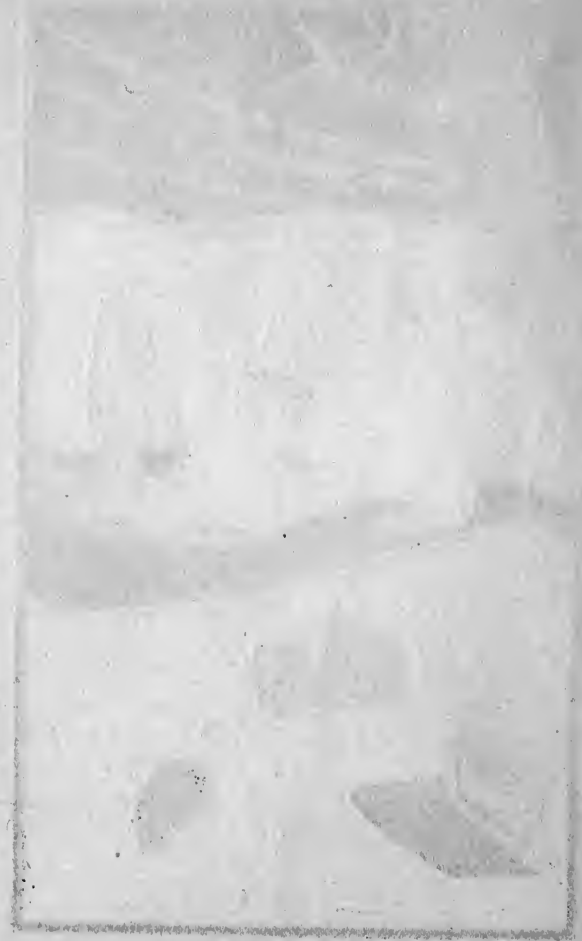
EGOZ
H.W. ARMSTRONG



II.

I WISH that I could mix some Ruby-rot,
Like that old boozer on the Persian shore,
I'd put the price of hops sure on the soar
And quit my mush and milk and soda-pop,
And underneath some bough I'd take a flop.
I'd cop old Omar, throw away the bread,
And live on Rock-and-Rye and Dago Red,
To drown the woozies in my dizzy top.

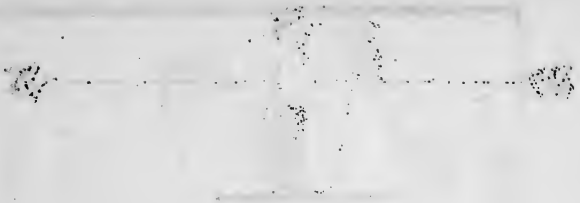
I'D put the rep of Poe high on the hog,
And with a pipe-line laid from some distill,
I'd take a fluent Cyrus Noble quill,
And sing how one poor guileless Freshman dog,
Got near to things not in the catalogue;
Bobbed to a College Queen, but couldn't fill.



III.

SAY, fellows, Isabelle's no Pedro dream;
She makes that Trojan's Helen do the pale,
And puts de Milo in the rummage sale—
Well, won't I make the upper crust turn green
When Isabelle and I break on the scene
And do the real Salome around the hall?
It sure will rip the plaster from your wall
To see the rummies lamping at my Queen.

THAT Charlie Goldrim at the Kappa Frat,
I'm laying with a bunch of brick bats for;
He rings too much at Isabelle's front door.
I'm cosey to his works, I'll flop him flat—
I'm off to Isabelle's to fix it pat,
And kick my goal before that guy can score.



IV.

BAH! I'm back upon the indigo!
I thought I had a clean sprint to the tape,
But I'm an "Also Ran," a losing skate
With Waterbury movements running slow;
For Isabelle, my dream, has thrown me low.
She hands the equine giggle out to me,
And cries, "Go drop a speedball in your tea;
A Frat boy's had me picked three weeks ago."

SAY, why do girls go bughouse on a Frat,
And think that every Rummy with a pin
Is registered; has license to butt in?
How do the Sigma Nus stay at the bat?
What makes the Kappa Sigs stand in so pat,
While Barbs hang round and spend but never win?

H W Armstrong

V.

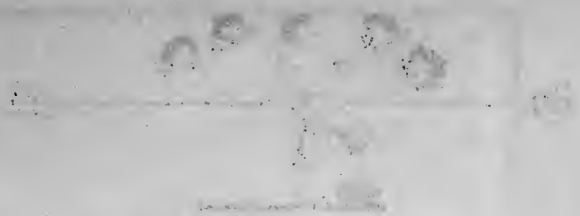
AH, Cupid, you have dug your spurs in me.
When on the horizontal I should win,
You've stacked the cards, shoved Charlie all the tin,
Dealt him a natural, I got twenty-three.
No Freshman Ball; a high-ball mine shall be.
Out with the Muckers gang now I must root,
For Bobtail is my longest suit,—
I guess I'll take a high old lonesome spree.

AFFINITY, thou psychologic sell!
Who said there are two hearts that beat as one?
Had I that cuss I'd put him on the bum.
A fellow never lands his Isabelle,
That soft, poetic dope was mixed to sell;
You'll all get Willie Wise when you're undone.

VI.

AM I a quitter? Nit. I've still got sand.
I'll try that Charlie guy another fall,
Though on my three-yard line I've lost the ball;
Mayhap a Solar Plexus I may land;
I can't be at the bat and always fanned.
He may be lightning swift, but I guess not;
His pace don't leave the trail so awful hot.
The gridiron's where I'll stack him out a hand.

I DO this twist for love, not scare-head fame;
Watch when the Freshman line the first team plunge
They'll take that Charlie boy home on a sponge;
I'll twist his atlas, put him out the game,
Send out the wrecking crew to raise his frame.
Just eye "Yours Truly" and his cyclone lunge.



VII.

AH, fickle fate, that's once I trumped your ace
My whirlwind tackle now is all the talk;
The Coach is mixing Charlie up a walk,
In Issie's heart I've got a cosey place,
And all the Co-eds on me have a case;
A score of sweet lamps signal out the wish
That I alone should fire their chafing dish,
But nix, I pass the bunch the stony face.

I'M vaccinated, Love, and it took bad.
Get next the Freshman course, my records tell
Eight hours in football, ten with Isabelle—
Say, wouldn't that make dear old buncoed Dad
On higher education just go mad?
Whew! wouldn't he kick up a brimstone smell?

VIII.

I'VE mortgaged father's farm and uncle's store,
And put the village bank clear on the bum;
I guess that for a mucker's going some.
On liberal education we're dead sore,
So put me through your hasty exit door.
Isabelle, farewell, sweet woozie dream.
Why does skim milk lie just beneath the cream
And every pretty apple have a core?

DEAR Freshies, list, a moral I would slip—
If ever you would bag a Ph. D.,
Don't get your soul entangled with a she;
But if you're in, just pack a hasty grip,
'Twill save the office passing you the tip,
You'd better cuddle close to mother's knee.

E. W. Armstrong

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